

Claire Perez

A New Season



Couleur Words

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Layout: Jonas Ekman
Information: j_thuren@yahoo.se
<http://www.jtabstractart.com>

Communication: Claire Perez
couleurwords@yahoo.fr
<http://www.couleurwords.com>

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I dedicate this edition to:

My Family:

Jonas, Mom, Dad, Yan, Magali... Kjell and Ingrid.

My granddads Lulu and Antoine, I miss you...

My grams Elizabeth and Germaine...

Also to the rest of my family...

(*You are too many for me to put all your names*)

My friends:

Jan-Erik, Yvonne, Christian and Johannes ; Glenn and Susanna ; Mikael Askemur ; Rickard Sigvardsson and Patrick Salin... in Sweden.

(*as well as all those I do not put here*)

Hélène in Ireland.

Pierre and Mireille in France.



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BOOK I



Preface

In Claire Perez's first collection "A New Season - Une Nouvelle Saison Vol. I", that I recently acquired, I discovered a true poetry and prose; texts written without artifices which words are colourful and coming from the heart. The poet Claire Perez gives us, among other things, through her poems and her texts, her hard but true vision of the human condition, with its miseries and gasps. However, she also gives us her hopes, her dreams, her ambitions and her visions of a world to ameliorate, improve and embellish for a better tomorrow on Earth. Poet Claire Perez knows life, she loves life and she believes in life. I quote an excerpt:

"Thus our hearts joined together would be one unique sun... The one of Life..."

In her book, Claire Perez shows to us the importance of fighting and remaining realistic, I quote another excerpt:

"I know the way now... I am on board..."

This is not an illusion...

This is not a dream...

This is just me."

The reader of "A New Season - Une Nouvelle Saison Vol. I" discovers so many richness for the heart and the mind. I believe that reading this collection is a treat one should give oneself.

Daniel Desbiens Poet, Writer, Author - Chicoutimi, Canada.

* * *

While reading "A New Season - Une Nouvelle Saison Vol. I" by Claire Perez, I could feel in this young poet's writing, the joy to write by the variety of texts. I also felt the love she would like to bring to people in need, with sincere loving words. Her poetries talked to me by the deep search on human's behaviour today.

She brings something new by expressing herself clearly on her search, which is coming from deep inside. Thus she is trying to make us understand the value of love, the respect of others, the self-questioning as to look deep inside and know the reasons.

The prose I read have a beauty and a deep reality, they are sensible. Comforting, they appease everything by reading your soul and mind. Thus I advise you this Collection of poems, to adopt it as a bedtime book. I believe it will bring you this joy to read the same way it did for me.

Pierre Casanova Poet, Writer, Author – Marseille, France.

Introduction from the author

A New Season is the result of inspirations taken from every day's life, but above all a renewal: the one of my life. Far from being egocentric, I nevertheless concentrated a large part of my energy in solving my internal conflicts. Once I rediscovered the writing and found my own style, I used them as an outlet for the dark clouds in my head and heart. Because there is always in life a point of no return, that each of us needs to reach and go beyond, I was no exception to the rule.

My dark thoughts are still there of course, however they diminish with time... with the writing... with my way to face them... with love.

This collection of poetry and prose includes numerous themes; my internal fights represent a tiny part of it. The one that is close to my heart is humanity, or my hopes in it. For all that, my heart is filled with doubts, questions and incomprehension, which gave birth to texts such as "Hoping Children" or "Judgement" and a lot more.

An inside discussion pushes me towards this incessant debate that I am leading on my own most of the times, but in which each one of you could have something to say. Here is how it is starting, spreading then dying out... until next time.

Did you ever stop for a little while to meditate about human condition? The main question being: why? Facing yourselves, you are delighted to think again of your simple moments of happiness... and so those you are living today.... then comes the shadows of people you do not know, but of whom you hear everyday. Anonymous or famous, they are part of this infernal circle of injustice and hate.

Did you ever wonder why men are like this? And do not tell me that we are all born this way, luckily we have denials everyday... moreover, we know it in our hearts.

Introduction from the author

Unfortunately, thoughts and human nature are abstract notions that one cannot take away from the complex evolution of life.

I do not intend to philosophise, however I would like to write black on white my disillusionments and hopes.

Today, for the world to turn a little bit rounder, we need Associations to take care of those who are suffering.

Those who are suffering from hate.

The one that generates fanaticism, racism, war and so on.

This hate that arises from the bad-being of some.

Bad-being caused by others who have everything and want more.

When my head is buzzing with the news, I see only destruction...

Destruction of men by other men...

Destruction of life by men...

Men who, among and with the other life-beings on Earth, represent life.

What a paradox, isn't it!

I am not defeatist...

I am not bitter...

I am not pessimistic...

I am just realistic... indeed, idealistic.

Each day, I get this reality right in my face. I face it, I digest it, I analyse it... maybe too much... but one thing is certain: I do not accept it.

As usual, it is easy to say, but concretely, what is she doing to change the world instead of criticizing it?

I do not intend to change the world, I have nothing to blame it for... the world. Men have to change... and this does not depend on me... only... it depends on men as individuals... each one has the responsibility of ones own behaviour towards life.

Introduction from the author

Impossible? I do not think so. Look at those wonderful persons who dedicate their lives to help those in need. Only for that, hope is not in vain.

Of course, this is an endless discussion, where "if" would start each sentence... nothing would be solved, as this is only words... still, one does not need to be part of an Association, or have money to help others.

Associations are a benefit to the world, the way we know it... but if men were living to build, preserve, share, love... they would not be so necessary. What I mean is that people in need are not always those you think of. They can be your friends, your neighbours... they can live with you right now.

Anyway, a smile never hurt anyone, or a held out hand... or the listening to others... even less the fulfilment of our dreams for our own happiness. I am convinced that a happy person is more willing to give time to others... and above all, a little bit more of love.

Love... a big part of this collection and all my life. For me, love includes friendship. I sincerely believe that friendship is a form of love. Yet, if what I am writing is directly inspired by the people I love, my poems and prose could probably tease familiar feelings in your hearts.



In the end, a lot of things changed since I first published *A New Season*... Some parts of this book I improved when I noticed misuse of the language, or mistakes - as every single human being is entitled to do... However, I tried not to alter too much from the very first edition... Indeed, I still haven't translated in French the poem "*Fly To Learn*"... I wrote it in English from the beginning and it became one of these texts that one cannot translate without destroying it... Instead, I wrote it a different way and then managed to translate it in French: "*Crowned With Colours*", yet I like the original version so I kept it...

Finally, this final edition has a "*Preface*" since two of my friends, writer and poet themselves, had the kindness to write a few words about this volume. They are both talking about "*A New Season - Une Nouvelle Saison Vol. I*". They are of course referring to the previous editions that were published in English and French.

Anyway, I could not leave their kind words out, now could I!

*Best Wishes,
Claire P.*

The Bridge

A bridge down the hill... in the complete middle of a field... as if it was only there to decorate... wooden bridge... as a chameleon takes the colours of the environment... a bridge in the middle of nowhere... joining nothing... crossing no river... in fact in the middle of the field... just to be walked on... or just to be ignored...

Under the sun this hill just looks beautiful... enlighten... peaceful... green everywhere... and this smooth wind that blows so close to the ground, one cannot even notice it, unless one lays down on the grass... and still the bridge standing quietly, is waiting to be crossed...

Useless bridge... all the paths are going to the same place... on the other side of the bridge... why bother? Just let's follow the easy way... one always knows what is going to be found... only what can be controlled... walk there and go on with one's same habits... not even notice the gentle wind caressing the green grass... no question... no change... especially no change...

A bridge, which could be a shortcut, who knows ! But a shortcut is a straight down path... very strange... or maybe a longer way to go to the other side... anyway this is not worth it... there are surely traps... and nobody wishes to be trapped... the easy way is the best... straight through the field until the end of the bridge... because one can see it... this end... one can see it so well... so one knows... because it's well known that anybody knows what they can see...

But if the bridge were a different way... if one could find something new on the other side, wouldn't it be well worth it to check? No! Too scary... to ignore the bridge is safer... just pass beside it, but do not cross it. But if it was really well worth it, one would miss a thing... an important one... because one can loose oneself by ignorance... one can loose everything without any try... just because one would not even notice it... let's be curious once again... and let's see what happens... nothing to loose... but everything to win...

Go back... open your eyes... walk back to this bridge... then standing alone in front of it, you just have to put one step on it and everything is going to start for you... one more step... and you're not standing alone anymore... another step... hand in hand you are walking together on this bridge... but where is its end? How does one reach to it?

The Bridge

Is the main purpose to reach the other side or just cross the bridge... hand in hand with the One... the path is bright... no cloud... or maybe very small white ones that pass by sometimes to say hello... but no end... and this peace all around... one would have missed something by ignoring the bridge... and it just looks like us...

A so-called built bridge... doesn't look like the first time you saw it... it's changing all the time... not that straight... but still light... bright... crystal clear, one could even say... it's your bridge... ours... and each one of our steps is building it a little bit more... making it look even more beautiful... we are its masters... this is our life!

Just Us

Close my eyes and for a few seconds lay down in a field of roses... get drunk of their perfume and linger in a deep well-being... love envelops my senses and lightens up my face with a gracious smile... my eyes are brightening with the sunlight... and the wind teases me with its light breath and whispers your tender words to my ear...

Open my eyes and feel you beside me... precious and magic moments... your unforgettable smile... and your sweet voice... are like roses... perfumes that clasp me once again to guide my steps to you... no more sorrow... no more doubt... no more fear... just safe to be with you.

Open my eyes... and my imagination becomes reality... like when those tiny signs are showing up everywhere... like this bird flying down the hill and looks at me with your eyes... pure happiness... while the sun warms me up as when you are holding me in your arms...

Open my eyes... in a field of roses... and see the red everywhere... and your laugh echoes in each breath of the wind... all my senses are awakened... smiles... always... you are here... I can see you... I can feel you in all those places that our steps trampled... and those to come... when my dreams are joining reality... your care, your love... all this confidence is lying in each of those daily little signs... Everything is you... and... You are everything...

Wild opened eyes... it's just you facing me... together... magic...

It's just us!

True Love

As flowers in the sky
Are floating those swallows
That trifle with the drafts
And their grace prolonging...

Under the sun shoot out back
Their radiant beauties
And caress your eyelids
To slowly wake you up...

Once again overwhelmed
With your so sweet tenderness
Real strong I stand out
In your arms closely clasped

As crystal clear waterfalls
Without any bravado
Nor more chatting
You are my unique adage.

A Knot

A troubling knot
A charming knot
Then too loving
And so pressing...

A friendly knot
That does not fail
Even by half,
But dazzles me...

A princely knot
Captivates or initiates
The tidal waves
Of my blith'ness...

A loving knot
A binding knot
But not leaking,
To our happiness.

Words

Sometimes, when everything goes perfect... so perfect
That words would never get a true meaning,
I am wondering how not to sink... deep...
Those intense feelings hurt me so
Though I could not live without them.

Suffering and happiness are mixing to become
This so-called pain from which so many run away...
This so-called pain that one cannot define
Otherwise than with tears, smiles or laughter.

Sweet violence in me, never bitter nor wrong...
Words are so poor and so dangerous...
Indeed they are: 'cause powerless to rescue me
From what I cannot explain.

Vicious circle of life... try to explain, always,
Our emotions... do we really need to?
Do I really have to... since my eyes
And my heart show everything...
In the most genuine way.

Choices

One unique feeling coming out from your smiles
One intense emotion emanating from your looks
Listen to this beating sound... this melody
Focus on your hearts and the rest follows.

Time passing by killed your memories
And yet they remain,
Time passing by led you to life without hate
Life as a gift.

And you know in both your hearts
How dangerous your chosen paths
Could have been without yourselves...

Time passing by missed the train of your sorrows
And so remain the good times
Shared experiences making you both
Who you have become...

Complicity never shown but one-way to go.
Understandings in a look or just a smile...
And nothing sounds wrong in your hearts
As long as you decide it...

Friendship never completely confessed
But who needs to hear what both of you...
What both of you already know
One just have to look at you... just look at you.

I've heard so many choruses about life,
And what to expect from it...
But look at you...

Sometimes when nothing goes your way
As you've planned or even dreamt of...
Never give up, fight and live
Through your own choices...



To Jonas Ekman and Mikael Askemur

Ray Of Light

A black cloud is invading his universe,
Its shocks make him so nervous...
He is terrified because so unpredictable.
Then silence... heavy with questions.

See the sun that gently breaks through,
Nothing lasts than can harm you.
Where your anguish overloads you,
There always will be this ray of light.

This cloud is not so black...
Its violence is not so sudden...
You have in you more strength
And more courage than this silence.

See the sun is waiting for you, just like you;
You are looking for it where you should...
I know you found it deep inside...
Your eyes just have to smile.

There will always be this ray of light
To guide your steps, wherever you go,
Even in the darkest places
This light... you will always see it
Flash from our hearts... and calm you down.



To Patrick Salin

Your Strength

A little bird is knocking at your door,
Is he the messenger that always bothers you...
Is he the one that always makes you feel bad...
The one from which you always want to escape...
No my friend, look closer... the bird is colourful.

Nightingale out of season is singing for you...
He brings you lights and colours from the outside...
Which cannot comfort you anymore, at least for now...
He is the strength you are seeking, yet cannot keep...
He is what your heart needs to feel better and confident...

Summer is fading away in those red colours,
It washes away your sorrows for a little while...
Every song outdoor is entering your home...
Every smell and colour are coming to you...
As they know one day they will meet you again...

They are your strength and your heart beats...
They are your laugh and your voice sweet...
Together they are dancing for you in peace...
Our hands and hearts are held to you along with time...
You see my friend, colours of life belong to you...



To Yvonne Norrbacka

Little Lisa

Today, life is beautiful!
More beautiful than yesterday...
The world welcomes within
A new flower of joy.

Smiles are enlightening our faces,
The sun shines harder in our hearts...
Birds are celebrating your coming;
Already, the wind is whispering your name.

Little Lisa, arms are clasping you...
Kisses are covering you with love;
You are only happiness and amazement.
Much-awaited Lisa, you are here...

You do not know your chance yet,
You arrive in a sweet world
Where your parents coddle you already
With the most genuine tenderness...

Little Lisa,
Welcome among us...



To my new born little cousin Lisa

Love

Love is a prison,
Where the sky is blue,
Where the birds are singing,
Where there is no bar...

Love is a prison,
Where the only rain
Would be my tears of happiness,
Where the freedom key
Would be our laughter in the wind...

Love is a prison
From where we cannot escape,
Love is a disease
From which we cannot heal,
And if it ever happened,
Then life would not be worth living.

Hoping Children

Wonderful places with those green fields all around... those various flowers... smells floating in the air like those birds playing with the drafts... flying down without any flapping but spread wings... flying up as they were going up those invisible stairs sculpted in those drafts...

Every little piece of life in the air or on earth is suddenly stuck with time... though going on moving a little... just following this light movement of this magic dance... stuck in the same space of time... as everything was starting all over again... as a mute movie's rhythmic by sounds of nature... this peace cannot be disturbed...

But still in this immensity of quietness and tranquillity... there is some mess around... this little child who is growing up under fights and killing... he doesn't know the beauty of thunder enlightening the whole valley just down the hill... he doesn't know the sweetness of this summer rain coming down to refresh the dry ground... he just knows the rain of bombs destroying his village... he just knows the thunder of bombs over the hill enlightening the valley with horror and fire... he just knows how to hold a gun...

A dark closet in a very small house... it's all what he knows from the house... He knows exactly the movements he can do in this little space... he knows how frightened he is when he is stuck in it... and this big hand hurting him over and over again... just because he is out of defence... just because he is a child... just because they don't deserve him... no smile on his face... but his eyes crying out for help through those mute sounds...

Dolls are not allowed... they have to work with their tiny little hands... work and work again until they just cannot go on because they are so tired... and for a little while being able to dream a little of a better life... but what is a better life for those children who don't even know that a better life exists... dream of the sun... they know it... because they can see its light through the small windows (when they have any)... dream of birds... they know them... because they can hear them through out those thin walls they have to work in... Smell the freshness of the mornings... because they feel it all the time while they are working... dream of a smile... because they saw one on a face once...

Hoping Children

This friendly face smiling at them and telling them so much... a helping hand held out to them... the friendly hand holding theirs to lead them on to a sweeter path... the one of childhood... Bring back this childish smile on their children's faces... learn how to live again as children... play for the first time as children with those dolls for so long forgotten in a closet... run under the sky and sing louder than those wonderful birds... fly higher than them... laugh out loud and let the wind brings those laughter to those who need to hear them now... lay down on the grass and roll from the top down to the hill... and hang on to this space of time that no one can break...

A helping hand holding those little hands... safety growing in these hearts... as generous as life can be... each helping hand can bring back a smile on a child's face... and make them feel free as birds... Those lost children are not far away... some are in countries ruined by war, some are in the Third-World countries and some are just... your neighbour...

The Little Butterfly

As this little butterfly that spreads its wings under the sun, and sends rainbows to us, life has got so many colours... and we all have the same, the one from the heart...

As this little butterfly that flaps its wings and flies away, each beating heart brings us a little bit closer to the light... and since the beauty is in each of us, like the sun that alights our loneliness, the light might have its place too... Thus our hearts joined together would be one unique sun... The one of Life...

Our hearts in unison, mixture of all Earth's colours, yet unique... as the little butterfly that flies to the light, each of its flapping wings would be the one of all our hearts... one only and same music... like those summer thunders that captivate us... none louder than another... all sing in harmony...

But as this little butterfly, our hearts are so fragile... they often face life with such disgust that they choose the wrong way in the end... the easy one... hurt... humiliate... fight for no reason, just to be the first... do they really deserve it?

As the little butterfly weakened without its sweet protection, if we unfortunately touched it... those hearts that narrow little by little... already don't know how to love anymore, nor how to give... they just try to protect themselves by building armours... and so prevent themselves from what they have got the noblest: Love!

And as those butterflies that die without their precious dust... those hearts are doing nothing but getting dryer... are as dry as the sand in the desert or as Sirocco... we all know the damages that a barren heart can do...

But a touched heart is as beautiful as a butterfly flying to freedom... since a touched heart is free... free to love... free to give... free to spread this sweet rumour and to plant its own rainbows all around the world...

Each heart is a butterfly that flies to the sun... going through life without ever finding it... so... what are we waiting for to follow this lovely butterfly... to fly... to touch the sun...

The River

Big weeping willows are decorating the bank... the leaves at their wires... extremity are lightly touching the water, like a hand caressing a kitten... the waves that are emanating from them are softly spreading on its silky surface and are bringing a whisper... this little whisper that the water is conveying to those who wish to hear it... the one that echoes in the throat of the birds that play on the bank... the peace they are singing to us again and again...

Along the bank, nymphets have run aground... maybe because of some too violent wind or else... some thoughtless big fish... magnificent nymphets rising up such as ships in a port... offering to the cute little frogs a first choice of boat to join the other bank...

And then comes the rain... this sweet drizzle... yet so powerful... like a summer rain... of which abundance makes the river grow and so brings the nymphets back where they belong... the middle of the river... nice drive... the little frogs had never seen the bank from this angle... but no time to rest... the rain is getting bigger... it's time to dive...

On the other side, a rock stands on the water and overlooks the river... right at its edge, a fox is sitting and observing what is happening in the surroundings... of course the rain has stopped... no fear since no danger... just peace and quiet... and then the sound of the water that follows its current... just as the fishes and the little frogs...

Down to the river there is this little lagoon with this beautiful waterfall... of which the sound supplies the nightingales' song... nothing but the water is moving... that spreads its waves through the lagoon... and all this freshness smells purity and life... Nothing can disturb this tranquillity... not even the wind that already blows a little bit stronger...

Its blowing brings strange rumours from the mountain... those rumours that nobody can understand as they are so strange... because those rumours are icy... as they come from the very top of those gigantic natural walls... strange... icy... but not scary... rumours that come with the eagles brought by the wind... eagles that fly so high in the sky... observing the waterfall... the lagoon... the river... they fly down slowly to land on a wire or a rock... still no fear... still no anguish... everything is fine... and life is still the strongest...

The River

Time just stopped to give time to the loving bird... to give time to happiness to grow stronger... time to peace to settle down... to give time to time... time to love...

Along the river flies a magnificent eagle spreading the news.

A Life

Lost in this empty space, this look has got nothing to hold on to... drowned by invisible tears, those pretty eyes are just blinded... not by the sun... not by the light... just blinded by darkness... because darkness is the only way they know to find a way... to find their way... and crows all around are all those ears can hear...

Scared... but keep on walking... like a double-joined doll... walking in the dark... carefully... not to be hurt again... listening to each noise and changing direction each time they are getting closer... going to the opposite direction... attracted as a magnet by emptiness... wishing no one else around but ones own steps...

Red eyes all around... eyes without faces... staring all the time... pushing always further to the darkness... used... betrayed... blamed for it... still used... still betrayed... still blamed... always... and so this wonderful heart just closed the door and forgot how to give... darkness is inside now and light has not its place anymore...

Gentle face... soft one... showing nothing else but... nothing... no emotion... no fear... no wondering... no tiredness... just this soft face without any expression... looking closer... this face is a child one... lost child... just as lost as this look... looking closer... kind face... trying to reach an invisible place... just like those eyes... invisible since they don't know that this place exists...

Wild opened space... suddenly opened in front of them... cannot even believe how beautiful it is... but what is it? Where is it? The path seems too long... and one still doesn't know what is out there... and also still this small anguish preventing from going too fast... but light is faster than reason... everything seems faster suddenly... just like in a dream... where everything is possible...

Yet darkness is still around... but not the same... just lighter... just bound to go back where it belongs... to the past... and this path to cross is just so long... and this wonderful heart just cannot open at once... because this darkness is not its... because it's too scary to face it... and to fight it... where to find the strength... but strength is coming very slowly with wills... those wills which can make you face anything...

Darkness is letting its place to this heavy fog... but still some light going through it... is it the right way... the right path is this hidden place behind this fog... just go on walking... and stop the darkness from haunting you... fight it... pretty face has got some light... this little smile on it is starting to show up... and those pretty eyes are getting used to light... and would be as bright as it is... and then through this lighter fog... this held out hand... so nicely... showing the way... just goes on to this hand... to be lead...

Lighter heart... softer walk... no turning back... just hold on to this hand... because its only wish is to lead you... learn always to be taught... listen always to be listened to... give... learn how to give again... to be given... always... as an opened book ready to be written on... and reach the one... the only one who can bring you all that you need... and get all that in return... always... to write together a story of life... looking closer... Our life!

Seasons

This morning the sun rose in my neighbour's window...
The snow went from shadow to pink, to bright white
The wind makes me feel the difference deep in my eyes...
The warmth I see is cold on my skin...

Spring showed up in the middle of winter
To warm my heart through my eyes
Further more it brings hope and light
In our grey mood just like the sky...

For just one day we felt the inevitable
We felt what we are expecting everyday
In this advanced winter... so long
Still no matter what, our warmth never goes...

Now the snow erases the bright sunrays
The snow is back under the clouds
The shiny white is replaced once again
By the monotonous flakes falling gently...

But the sun is up again for longer now
Despite the cold, it is warm and the birds are singing
They are singing for the inevitable...
Life is back under the frozen coat...

No matter how long it takes,
No matter how many changing moods we have to bear,
Spring is back again in the fields
Though, never left our hearts.

Drive in the rain

Roaring engine
We drive with no goal...

My wide opened eyes
Take pictures of all...

The green forests
Overhung with greys...
The roadsides
Absorb my look...

The edge of a forest
Make way to a lake...

The lake disappears
Heartbreaking show
Of a dead forest...

I look away attracted
By a black woodpecker
On the very ground, it stares
Just like me...

Patch of paradise,
Let's stop for a while,
Let's be curious...

Let's listen to silence
Rocked by many songs
Of birds...
Do you hear the cuckoo?

The waterlogged undergrowth
Let go unknown odours...

Drive in the Rain

Under the rain, no more question
To stop, drown ourselves...
Running rain crashes
On the windshield...

The weather is getting worse,
Let us go home...

Fly To Learn

As leaves fall down trees in autumn,
Birds glide and rise into the sky;
As the fledglings learn how to fly,
A book on the grass has been thrown...

"Is it the right place for such a lovely book? "

Knowledge comes out when it opens,
Its words dazzles the curious eyes,
It gives adventures to the boys...
Dreams and fairy tales to the girls.

"How can an empty book be free without words? "

This one was born and lives to learn,
To learn always to fill itself...
But with what... for and by who... where...
Since he knows no one but the grass...

Look amiable and wise wind
Could you not, with a smooth slow breath
Help the blank book to take its flight...
Look a page is yet in the air...

The book is still lying down there,
Despite the wind's efforts to lift it...
Now another page takes its flight...
Clumsy... tries to become a leaf...

The pages are trying to fly
And it watches them from the grass
With the doves gliding in the drafts
Yet how could it learn without them...

"Little pages you are safe now... your book is here"

Heavy book finally light... it flies,
Reach out for its crazy pages
A long fair journey is to come
Gorgeous! The light and fresh air... lives...

"Watch out, it is not time to fall down yet"

Delightful vision of the doves
Flying above with their spread wings
The book is safe and gets higher
Wrapped gently in their silken wings

Little pages once all alone
Are now landing on the book's chest
Tops got closer... wind is cooler
No more worries, doves are with you

Ancestral stone opens its arms
Eternal wisdom of the world...
Smooth landing in this harmony...
Green leaves are laughing in the wind...

"Green leaves know nice stories,
Green leaves know pretty words...
Written as the rainbow"

Leaves, birds and wind are now quiet,
Both white pages have new colours...
The long journey has just begun,
Soon will life reveal its great beauty.

Crowned With Colours

I am staring at the horizon with wet eyes...
Wet by the drizzle or by my tears...
It does not matter... horizon talks to me gently
The sun smiles at me and offers me its life.

To see my dreams again and finally rise
Into the tops of a fabulous journey...
Where to learn and to live are one.
Yes, life teaches me and smiles at me.

Crowned with colours, I am sailing...
Carried by the wind, under the rainbow,
Carried by the wind, I am sailing...

As leaves fall down trees in autumn,
I glide and rise into the sky...
As the fledglings learn how to fly,
In the grass I stay dreaming...

I am dreaming of a book with blank pages,
From which knowledge would come out...
From which my words would dazzle
Each time I would write them...

Among autumnal leaves,
Among doves and drafts,
I am rising, light and radiant,
In a world of peace...

Peace of words, peace of hearts...
The wind rocks me with sweet whispers.
Green leaves laugh and carry me.
They dress me up with their purity

Crowned with Colours

Crowned with colours, I am sailing...
Carried by the wind, under the rainbow,
Carried by the wind, I am sailing...

Ancestral stone opens its arms to me,
Eternal wisdom of this world...
I am landing in this harmony
To begin my long journey.

Silence appears to listen,
My blank pages are now coloured...
My rainbow has touched them,
Soon life will reveal all its beauty.

The Deep Blue

Diving in his abyss to find something about himself... how easy... go round and round visiting the deep blue sea of his unconscious without even knowing it... one call it dream... visiting his own well known places... finding back those beautiful colours he has liked once... staying there to feel again the well-being he felt then... over viewing those places he visited for the first time ages ago... and wake up suddenly because of an out matter...

Sensations already forgotten... life is coming back... with its habits... but his unconscious is still awoken... and it works without his permission... it leads his steps to those forgotten moments... yet unforgettable magic part of himself...

A smile... a look...and it's all starting again... questions, questions, questions... no answer... just guessing... hypothesis... then forget again... a smell... a rose... no... a perfume... yes maybe... but who's one... walk down the streets he is thinking... too much... not enough... just concentrated on himself... maybe... surely... closed eyes though wide opened... what has he seen... still walking... crossing this street... luck... very good luck... he looks at his shoes... nothing else...

The bridge... cross it... why not... he follows his shoes... no more questions... see nothing else than himself... where is he going... not a clue... but he is going surely... is it raining... yes... it is... go home... to be safe... to be dry... but alone... then dream again...

Another little dive into this big blue sea... but there are not as many colours as the night before... it is darker... but still he can go on... deeper... lost... no... just trying to find some answers to those questions of the day... but those memories are so old... he is feeling very old... he has been through a life time of emotions, happiness... he met so many people... where to find them back... and those smiles all around... he knows them... smiles without faces... giving back the strength he need just to move on... where is the aim... is there an aim... old, old, too old...

The Big Blue

The phone rings... he has to answer... they are waiting for his visit... tomorrow... new faces... laughter... a lot of laughter... happiness... still not alone... yet so alone... but life goes on and he is part of it... leaving for good... yet still here... in them... their hearts... their looks... their smiles... maybe he managed to give them a little part of his own so huge blue sea... Memories... love... only love can make him be that happy with his life... now it's their turn to build their own.

No sadness... just relief... too tired... he's done enough... this is their turn now... he'll watch them through the wind.

The Right To Live

A spider is in the bedroom... quick squash it...

A midge is annoying... quick smash it...

A tree is in the way... quick cut it...

Oh Lord! Human beings have grown so disrespectful of life. I am no exception to these behaviours and this upsets me. Who do we think we are to believe we have a right of life and death on other living creatures?

I can hear some of you say with a mocking tone:

How cute she is... how girlish... and other birds' names...

But wait a minute... look at yourselves in the mirror and think of all the squashing, smashing, cutting you have done...

Is this not scary... all right then...

Imagine giants squashing, smashing, cutting you, just because you are small, defenceless and in the way...

Still not scary...

Somehow we are all murderers... we kill because we are afraid... but then, what would happen if we could overcome our fears...

Some time ago I have decided that no living creature would die under my very nose, as long as it would depend on me... Imagine a small midge fighting on your kitchen's table to take back its flight... Put it gently on your finger and set it free... Help a tired moth to go back to nature...

Believe me, it feels really good...

I like to think that they know they can trust me...

No hurry... no rough movement...

Just me and this small creature counting on me to live...

The Judgement

Master of the world, as you think, nothing must resist you
You take the world for granted and want to rule it all...
Fear, if nonexistent, you create and spread it among people,
Violence, if calming down, you feed it with fear and anger...
Nothing must resist you because you are and have the power.

Like a hurricane from which nobody can ever hide,
You drop your bombs anywhere as there's always a reason...
You hold out your hand on everything that is not yours...
You are seeking after revenge on people who just want peace.
You are the judge and the executioner of your own sins.

How odd this is... judge and executioner...
You fight violence on your own land...
Your people must avoid and banish it...
Do as I say not as I do...is that it?

What kind of leader are you to lie this way...
Where are you leading your people...
They have paid for what you have done.
They have paid, yet you'll never learn.

Master of the universe, as you think, nothing to be blamed for,
You are lying and cheating on those who trusted you...
You want to shape the world at your image...
You cannot bear the difference... you cannot bear...
But it doesn't matter, you see, justice is on its way.

All those efforts and massacres for what after all...
In the name of your people... they won't let you,
In the name of our Lord... do not dare you.
You have condemned yourself and your people,
You won't be judged by any martial court or so,
You won't be judged by your own consciousness...
Yet, nature sent its sentence to your unbreakable land.

Dark White Valley

The alarm clock rings... I'm on a rush. Like everybody else all my movements are lead by this duty one call work. Get ready as soon as I can... go, go, go... I don't know why but keep on going. Meet those familiar faces but also so unfamiliar. No identities just faces... no name, just faces... anonymous among anonymous... keep on going to make a living and feel I am part of all this anonymous crowd... this is not what I want!

There it is... this darkness I am walking to everyday... this darkness is overwhelming me with such power that I just cannot see the light behind... look over there... the storm is coming... still far... but so close to you... watch out this is a big storm and you're going to be in its centre... run, run, run... stop thinking and run... listen to your heart and run... it'd never get you... run, breathe and run to your destiny... run to the light... storm has got no power there... to the light.

A little path with trees bordering each side of it. Gentle wind blowing in the leaves, birds singing hope, and light reflecting in those little puddles on the ground... there it is... darkness left some marks but brightness is back... each step of mine is making it move back. I am winning... but careful... it is still around and I must be stronger than its power... I must feel stronger... alone, alone, alone... not anymore... I am not fighting alone.

Escape... how... escape... when... escape... yes... freedom is around... freedom is calling me... I need to take those chains off my hands and feet... Where is the key... who has the key of those so tight chains... I found it! My heart has got the key. Listen to my heart... listen to it and learn how to give again... Give without counting, give to be given... Give to feel myself again and make this darkness run away from me.

You must be careful... "No I don't want to be careful"... "I know I'm right"... because my heart is right... what is the use of being careful... storm cannot take me if my heart is leading... reason would kill me... "I don't want to be careful"...

Dark White Valley

Listen to this gentle whisper in your ear... listen to it... your heart heard it before your ears... listen to it and follow it... because this is your light... your candle... listen to it telling you that everything is going to be alright... everything... can you hear it now? "Yes I can hear its echo in my head... I can feel its tenderness in my heart"... I follow it... days and nights...

But I cannot find the door... this door is moving back... this door has no lock... this door is white... it is so bright and I am blinded by it... I cannot see it... where is it? I found the key of my chains but I still have some left... invisible ones... I know this door is the key of those chains.

Turn the page... you'll have the answer... turn the page right now and you'll see it! The key is in this new chapter of your life... the key is not a light, the key is not a door, the key is... your love... the key is HIM! And he is just there in front of you... "I am looking and listening to him all the time."

Give time to time and you'll be free... the dark white valley becomes your path of love and you already are yourself in his loving arms.

Landscapes

Looking straight at the horizon... red orange light... nothing to look at but the desert... the desert with those blazing colours all around... some animals lost in this wild space rushing to go in a safer place... Then nothing... but me... Light again, the darkness of the night lets the sunlight come back... soon I am blinded by the sun...warm, warm, so warm... I am as lost as those zebras from the evening... no mark... only me... in this wild space... then nothing more...

Back... a beach with white sand... light, as white as the sand, rocks, big ones, high ones... climb them, yes climb on the top of one of these rocks and figure out where I am this time... tough climbing... no path, only rocks... careful... don't look down... go further... you are almost there... but the emptiness is calling... it's calling... careful... but hurry... don't waste your time... you're almost there... There you are... it was not that difficult after all... just a faster heart beat... get some rest for a while... there is no rush anymore.

A ship... too far from the coast... but an empty ship... no... hold on, there is someone on board... Hope... there is someone on board... no more ship... it disappeared with the fog... Too bad... but the fog will be back soon... in the morning and could bring the ship closer... maybe I will see...

Open your eyes, fairytales are only dreams... fairytales doesn't exist but in children's head... my dreams are fairytales... I'm still a kid... close my eyes again... see those beautiful landscapes... look I am still on the top of the rock... staring at the horizon... Not the desert's one... the horizon of the sea... so calm sea... so peaceful... brings me some delighting thoughts and teach me how to get such a peaceful state of mind... look at it... in its wilderness nothing can disturb it, not even the storm... the storm never lasts... and the sea is still there... back to its own normality of well being...

Open your eyes and stop dreaming... you are out of age for this... go back to earth and stop dreaming... close my eyes again... the ship is back without the fog... it's back with the sun... but the sun was already there... never disappeared... the ship is closer... empty... no there is still someone on board... is it an illusion... a dream...

Landscapes

Yes it is... because my eyes are closed... the sun brought me the ship back... this is my own sun enlightening my heart and leading me in my own dreams... the ship is back.

Where am I now... no more sea... where is the ship I cannot see it... turn around... the port... no boat in it... I am too far from it once again... and I am blinded by the light upon it... Go ahead... closer... the fog is overwhelming the port... go ahead... your eyes won't help you... listen... just listen to it... listen to the sea's voice leading you... there you are... now open your eyes... this is not a dream anymore... come on board.

I know the way now... I'm on board...

This is not an illusion...

This is not a dream...

This is just me.

Watch The Signs

Move backward in a dark doubt,
But still this light
Attracts you as a magnet
With its bright eyes
And yet unknown...
So far as, resist your best
To this persisting danger...

In your nightmares are haunting you
The threatening shadows
Of the ghosts from your past...
Beware little girl
Of your yesteryears' mistakes
Do trust no one
Nor talk to strangers

For your good sake
Close your heart
To this call that surrounds you
To this hand that holds out
For your good sake,
Do not think
But watch the signs...

Move forward with a good step
And jump in emptiness
Even if you don't know
What is down there...
Don't you ever know
That happiness is the only doubt
You are looking for, above all.

Watch the Signs

In the day,
Scaring crowded places
People in a hurry
Jostle you and crying
Just one call
Holds out your hand and lead you
Through the crowd
To a safer place...

For your good sake,
Open your heart
To this love that surrounds you
To this hand that holds you
For your good sake,
Taste happiness
And watch the signs...

Close your eyes and dream
Of better days
Rest and listen to
Those two beating hearts
Smile at the future and know that time
Is just your guide
In this world.

Open your eyes and see
This common life of yours
Mix of dreams and reality...
Always give without expectations
But just to give
And you'll understand
How it is to be loved...

Watch the Signs

For your good sake,
Believe in yourself
Once and for good
Love and support
The one you're living for
Full are your hands
Hold out by one another
For your good sake,
Turn the page to other shores...

Yes, turn the page
To a new life
Especially don't forget
To watch the signs.

If Only

My head is buzzing with ideas
And words that are printing
Without ever making any sense
In the mind of those...
In the mouth of those...
Of those who are reading them

If only they knew it
If only they learnt it
If only they learnt me

Pictures and colours
All the same are mixing
And give me the strange feeling
Of one unique and stupid non-sense
Yet will touch anyway
Those who really will see a sense

If only they had the chance
If only they learnt it
If only they learnt me

A piece of paper in my hand
And nothing I have done
With it satisfied me yet...
Besides what's the use to try...
And if, after all, it was not
Me, nor him, but... who...

If only they learnt me
Understand who can...
Understand who wishes to...

My Rock

One, two, three... I am sleeping and stars are dancing around me... warmth, laughter, love are my companions... then stars are leaving to let the sun shine... birds are singing my favourite song... trees in their red coats enchant me... every little thing has got its own place by my side.

Bang, bang, bang... I am awake and rain is washing my world away... cold and humid is how it looks... yet love remains... deeper and stronger as my companion... meaningless silence makes my heart blue... silence that I am longing for but cannot bear... this is not the one I want... things do not feel right this way.

I love you... wonderful song to my ears whether I am awake or not... unbreakable faith blows away any bad mood... little by little I can find a grip on my smooth rock... I am climbing... everyday, step by step I will manage to climb the rock of my wills.

My life is a river... peaceful most of the time... agitated sometimes... it pushes me down to its waterfall... but going down could mean so many things... down could be up... its eddies are just some spices... it all depends on how I face them... I know I have this incredible strength to understand their meaning.

Take a boost and dive in my river... no matter what I do, I go for it... I do not know exactly what it is... or rather no word could tell... but my heart knows... beautiful and marvellous path of mine.

The last poems are directly inspired by the story of my grand-father Lucien, whom I had recorded. He tells his life as a soldier then war prisoner during War World II.

This last part of Book I is in his memory...

I'd like to dedicate it also to M. Buti, who was back then my History teacher in La Valette du Var (France). If it had not been for him, I would have not recorded my grand-father...



Some Bread

After all these years since you left,
How strange this is to sit here...
To write about you and to you...
Strange to say how much I still get!

You guided me through my life,
You guided me with your wisdom.
I remember how good you were
To me and to those who love you.

You were saying: "Some bread to finish this";
You were saying: "You are so lucky girl";
You were saying so many things that remain...
My head is full of your sentences and stories.

You were saying: "Don't be so hasty to grow up";
I thought then I was not listening.
You were saying: "You have time to see the world";
I thought then you were so boring.

Nobody could be as humble as you were;
Your laughter was such a delight to me;
Nothing is in vain, not even my words this evening...
I love you Granddad and I always will.

Of Course

This day, you got over the barbed wires...
Of course, your trousers did not appreciate.
All night long you ran across the forest...
Until finally, in front of you the railway train stood.

On the lookout for the smallest noise, you looked...
Wagon after wagon, for one that could hide you.
Suddenly the whistle for departure, no more time to waste...
Among the baskets for shells, you hopped in.

You made a hole in the floor to slip yourselves under...
To have a look at outside when the train would stop...
Of course it stopped... long... "what is going on"...
Knock, knock... the wheels had to be controlled...

Of course the railwayman saw you,
There... standing on the buffers...
Of course he did not tell you a thing...
Of course you were on the move again...
Of course you were relieved...

But at the other station, already they were waiting for you;
German soldiers, at the end of their guns, led you
Your clothes inside out towards the "kommandantur".
It was over.

A Brick

Arrived on the camp a few days ago,
Already you hear them with the rising sun.
At your door they shout for you to come:
It is time for you to work...

Down the hill, the river looked so peaceful,
But barges full of bricks arrived.
You had to carry twenty of them on a stretcher:
How tired you were this evening...

You were so proud to do your trick,
Twenty bricks became ten and nothing in the middle.
The half bricks betrayed you:
What a correction you received...

Close-watched, you were so tired,
You had to rest a few minutes.
But there is no rest for prisoners:
You grabbed a brick and he his gun...

Double work to teach you discipline,
Twenty bricks became thirty... exhausting.
A week passed and so did the work:
Well-deserved rest until the next one...

Königsberg

After three months of hard work,
A German officer came to you.
You told him what you wished...
He did what he could and granted it.

You went back to Germany,
Where prison was waiting for you.
You spent eight days locked up
For your attempt to escape...

Then they sent you to Königsberg,
To maintain and repair war ships...

But Already Russia moved forward...
Your daily life was terrifying,
Cries... gunfire... bombings...
You decided to hide in the sewers.

With your Ukrainian friends,
Like rats you were waiting
For the Russians to take the city...
Finally free, you could at last go home.

Bitter Freedom

No more prisoner and no soldier either...
They took care of you between gunfire.
What more could have done your rescuers
Than to give you so little food...
And you, adapt yourselves and run with them.

Village after village, you had to feed.
Stop and hurry to warm things up,
Nothing was good or nourishing.
You found a way to eat better,
With sugar beets in furrow fields.

They decided to bring you home,
In those wagons with open doors...
But still the same struggle
To be able to make some food
To be able to eat your soup...

Bitter freedom along the road,
Bitter freedom on your way home,
Yet you were free...

It Happened Like That

You went back to France
After five years of absence...
The Red Cross told you:
"Soldiers, now you are free...
Go back to your families."
You, your family was Granny.

Yes... since you left, she gave you the strength.
She sent you packages with what she could...
And besides you got your blue tobacco.
You were away fighting, but never alone.

Yes... she always gave you the strength.
She filled your heart with her love...
She kept you from being too bad wounded...
And at last, after five years, you were back to her.

You said: "I knew where to find her without knowing."
But of course she was not where you thought she would...
You looked for her... in the streets of Paris you wandered...
You talked to people... and there she was.

You asked that one inform her,
You said: "Oh, how happy she was!"
"And then, slowly life took its course back...
That's it... it happened like that."

BOOK II



Letter To The Readers

Welcome to my new adventure...
Or should I say, the sequel of A New Season...

Why this letter?

To avoid a pompous introduction that nobody reads anyway... yet I have many things to tell you... outside my poems... I would like you to understand the evolution of my writing, my choices too...

Presumptuous? Yes, I know...

Oh well, take this letter as my welcoming you into my world of words...

No prose in this volume... my quill is not cut the same way...
More counting... sometimes... a few Haikus try outs for the fun of it... one rondel...

"What is she talking about?", should you say... about style... not at all, I am just talking about the form... finally, a few accidental rimes here and there... the esthetic is indeed different...

The principle remains the same though: French – English... bilingual words to express the core of my emotions... words that tell the story of life, not only mine...

The words of A New Season are the same but different, so a second volume... the first one talked much about... Me...

See, here it is... writers' ego... this "me" that follows us everywhere in all our sorrows, all our drifts to then leak on our pages... this "me" that we subdue more or less well to open our hearts, our mind... our souls wider to the world...

I do not speak of "me" however "me" is everywhere...

I unveil my heart to you yet I do not live everything I write...

This is the magic of words...

Letter to the Readers

Once more, I tell the story of life and under my quill, words dance in cadence or without any rhythm spread themselves in rimes or without on my paper...

I wish you so a pleasant reading.

*Best Wishes,
Claire P.*

The Little Mouse

The mouse on your arm
Made your "quails" laugh,
Your "rabbit" and "flea" too.

The mouse on your arm
Today is no more.

You are playing bowls
With who knows who...
And who knows where...
You came back in music.
Your answer: a nice bird.
You came just to say goodbye.

You still are ever watchful.
You still have something to say:
An objection maybe or just a laugh.

Help us loving you still
And always without crying.
Help us believing that out
There we will meet again.

It is not for me, you see.
It is for her who cries so
That she forgets to live.

Dream with her... comfort her...
Show her how beautiful it is,
Show her you are at peace,
So she can let go.



To Granddad Antoine

Our Hearts

The sun is shining to make you warm
Flowers are waking to give you smiles
All hearts are beating in unison...

Your heart as warm as the sun
Your smile as pretty as flowers
Our love as loud as these hearts

When the weather turns grey,
When the stars hide behind,
It is just out of discretion...

If the moon of its rays cannot warm,
It is just to light your blue-grey eyes
And make them be my best mirror...

The sun is shining to make you warm
Flowers are waking to give you smiles
All hearts are beating in unison...

... so goes our love...

Sun of April

Radiant smile,
Eyes as clear as the sky
That day... you were waiting for me...

Everything was there,
April was reigning in the sky
The pure air was welcoming me...

My foot on the ground,
I made my wish
As a ritual...

Sun of April
In my heart
You remain...

Sun of April
Made the sixteenth
A wonder...

Wish... granted
Your smile is mixing with mine
Your eyes are my mirror
In which I am getting lost
With delight for life...

Guardian Angels

No matter if we believe or not,
We must admit that sometimes
 Life puts on our paths
 The strangest of creatures...

One day, when chance had left me
I saw him strolling in the neighbourhood
 Just on the side, on his stairs
 Smile on the lips, he was standing...

My tears, still warm
Stopped running for a while
 To listen to this man
 Who approached in silence...

Do not talk to strangers!
Easy to say, he was charming me
Into entrusting him with my story
Which I told a little embarrassed...

He helped me with a note,
That I promised to repay
 He showed me his door
 You know where to find me...

Each day I looked for him
To people I was asking
If they had not seen a black man
 With a smile big as life...

Nobody knew...
No man of that kind
Had lived in the neighbourhood
 For generations...

Gardian Angels

Still today,
I am wondering if it was a dream
 This soul with a golden heart
Guardian Angel or simple man...

Since then, life put on my path
 Enough good and pure souls
 For one day, all together,
They take me under their wings...

...their angel wings...

Chase The Night

Already the sun is hiding,
Or is it the glint of the lamps...
Night is my daily life...
I wake up before the day...
I ignore its pale light,
I live at night and fall asleep.

Nimbi hide the winter sun,
My smiles fade in their shadows...
Warm heart under the rain,
Has not enough strength to chase...

Chase the fear,
Chase worries,
Chase the night.

Fear that everything stops just like that,
Fear that time runs away without us,
Fear not to have time...

Worries of those I miss so,
Worries of those I love so,
Worries of not knowing...

Night under the sun invades me,
Nights under the sun weakens me...

Night, in the heart of your darkness,
I finally ban you from my heart.

My Voice

Little by little my life takes shape,
I see shadows sinking...
I see shadows lightening...
Ever since, laughter surround me.

My voices are squabbleling...
For or against, none will win.
They tear apart and exhaust me...
Which one should I listen to?

False regrets are rising up...
True angers are replying...
Endless discussions
About my life before.

The one I was is no more,
The one I am is fighting...
My voices knock me out with what once was,
My voice is nothing but an echo in their racket...

Great is my reason,
Strong are my passions...
My voice will break through...
My voice will crash my voices.

Nothingness

I cannot move forward,
I cannot even breathe,
There I stand facing
Nothing...

Alone for too long,
I could have burst...
To grab this hand,
I wandered to you...

Nothingness terrifies me,
It haunts me sometimes...

Nothingness obsesses me,
It follows me always...

Nothingness bores me,
I struggle and knock it down
With an angry shot.

Celebration

Snowflakes are falling
To rhyme with Christmas
The lights are sparkling
Windows and gardens
Of flashes shining
The magic begins...

There are mixed traditions:
The spirit vanishes
On painful memories.
You, listen to my heart,
It sings a festive air...

Let's celebrate the renewal
All that is so ordinary
All that is taken for granted
Our life, hope, love and friendships
All so sweet to our souls.
Christmas reminds us the magic

Today, let us celebrate
Our simple happiness
Merry Christmas to you all.

Absence

I look at you smiling,
To get lost in your eyes...
Sigh after sigh tell me
Where wander your thoughts...
You are there, but I'm alone...
You are there, but I'm drowning.

Magic of words and of silence,
Magic of love, of your presence,
I breathe better without your absence.

You look at me then smile,
Our eyes get lost in the mist...
You see, sigh after sigh,
I lead you in my delirium...
You are there and lift me up...
You are there and I live again.

Magic of words and of love,
Dark thoughts already take their flight,
I breathe better without your absence.

Scream

Scream in the throat muffled,
Scream yet shouted so loud
The neighbours might have heard...

Scream of an ineffable pain
Blinding and deafening
In my body is hiding...

Scream of anguish that
Happiness on your face
Would only be a mask...

Scream of terror that
My love is not enough
Anymore to your smile...

Scream of agony,
My heart is bleeding,
But already pain fades away
Fear is vanishing...

Scream dying on my lips
Before being born
It may sound silly
But this scream relieved me...

Sorrows

Sorrows of our words
Run from the goodness
Of our confession.

They intermix and interlock
Enlace and unlace
Embrace and inflame
Then slowly entangle
To sink into the abyss...
Fade at last to leave only
Our words.

False Sonnet

My words, as stubborn as seasons,
Under my quill come yet unmoved
To breathe in and smell lively woods
Their verbs dance under condition

Beauty, naked of my reason,
Unveils itself, takes off its hood
Without considering my mood
My lead does not follow treason

Quill doesn't hear the big speeches
Of the cowards on the benches
Who cry: beware of the wolves

All its ink, my lead has wept,
On the horror of your last moves,
Sing nature, sing this false sonnet!

Garden Pea

Little loads on the heart,
Weigh heavy sometimes...

Beautiful life delights,
Gets ugly of lack...

Lack of things,
Lack of money,
Lack...

Beautiful life irritates
Our selfish complaints...

Little loads on the heart,
Light as a garden pea...

Beautiful life lightens
Of lack without needs...

Need of everything,
Need of nothing,
Need...

Complain again,
Complain always,
Evacuate frustration...

Then think of others,
Who have really nothing.

Writer's Keys

My fingers freeze
As they touch the keys
Black and white...

The melody flows in my veins,
The melody but not my own...
Chopin in all his splendour,
Quietly lies on the piano stand.

My fingers freeze
No sound emerges
From the instrument...

Minuets and waltzes run in my head,
Notes, sharps, flats, and keys
On the score form no sound...
The score shows only words.

My fingers freeze
Keys are no more mine
My fingers freeze...

By the light of a candle,
The quill in my inkpot dances:
My quill is calling me!

Artist's paranoia

My words are blackening a page
They are lounging and mixing there
They are cheering up then take offence
At not making the first page...

Notes and music at heart,
Absent, he whistles his melody,
Whispers quietly his lyrics
Meant for his own ears...

Watercolour paintings,
In the workshop pile up
Born from the genius artist
Only for the pleasure of his eyes...

Then suddenly spotlights,
Colours are making up with sounds
Words come to life again on a page...

They like it!
And then nothing...
They don't like it!

Words and melodies are old fashioned,
Paintings are too abstract or not enough,
No style, no rime, no rhythm, nothing
The judgment comes as spilt acid...

The artist doubts always,
Without a reason becomes absurd
In his disillusion
The artist sees treason everywhere

Even so...

His paranoia doesn't last

Since it is normal,

Since it is human,

Indeed healthy.

Suddenly,

The artist becomes artist again...

Sing

Sing beautiful angels
Your words or of others,
My breath away I let them
Take and rise my soul up ...

Without modesty I drink them,
Without a doubt I devour them.
Tears are escaping from my body,
Vaporising in my endless dreams...

I, the friend unknown by you,
I am sick of your voices adorning
Words and of which the music kills me...
Sing and bring me back to life.

Dreams

Sweet and tender dreams
In my neck are landing
In my heart are mooring...

Though, how many years
Have I waited for you?
How many did you need
To find me at last?

Sweet and tender dreams
With your velvety wings
You caress my hand...

Sweet and tender dreams
To my ears you're whispering
These words I cannot forget...

Sweet and tender dreams
Are only my journeys
To end...

Another train to catch
To another dream
Another tomorrow...

Urgency

Urgency to do all at this instant
To understand and hear all
To say and silence all
To write and read all
Urgency for everything...

Urgency to be masters of time
That passes and whelms us
For we don't get attached to it
Time that we lack so much
Time that runs from us
When we run after it...

Urgency to pile it up
In the corner heap it up
Just to save time...

Urgency to charm it
For it not to catch us
To coax it in front of
Its mirror of wrinkles...

Urgency to forget
The grain of dust
We'll become
When it's time...

Urgency...
To love life.

The Cute Elderly

The cute elderly walk with a walking stick
While the other hand helps their other half...
Their small unsure steps look for a safe way
On the icy sidewalk that bothers them...

The cute elderly, hand in hand take a walk
In the desert streets of their town...
In the crowd they lead one another
Slowly to arrive in front of the gate...

The cute elderly are almost deaf
So they shout at each other to speak
Of course, they have a common life
But it is theirs for ages now...

The cute elderly... how beautiful they are,
Under their wrinkles and white hair...
The cute elderly have seen so much
Let's hope we look like them in our old bones...

At Dawn

One day, at the curve of a look
She saw herself in the mirror
Pretty plants fade, sees clearer
When chance's come for one last hook.

Her life is naught more than a brook
Dressed to party, she moves better
Red on her lips, nothing's sweeter
Than to get out this dreadful nook

To live again a bit of hope
She grabs once more the current's rope
Drinks and dances on her wishes

She lay at dawn, no more wearied,
A bed of moss under branches
Thus the last drop had been emptied.

My Lands

One night I dreamt
Of distant lands
Blinded I only saw
Their lights and beauty

One morning I dreamt
I found again
In a summer dream
My sweet lands

Yesterday I dreamt
I would never go
To my distant lands
For so long adored...

Tonight I dreamt
Of my laughter
In the wind and snow
Enlightened by the cold

Today awake,
I am living my lands...
Under my feet
They are going.

There are Days...

Aren't there days
When beauty is relative...

Aren't there days
When ugly is attractive...

Aren't there days
When beauty is ugly,
When ugly is beauty,
When...

There are days,
In the morning
All seem anodyne...

There are days,
Nothing looks like
Anything it seems...

There are days,
Nothing is important,
Nothing like before...

There are days...
These are the happiest!

These days are the prettiest,
These days are the funniest,
These days I give them to you...

There are days...

In The Rain

The bench in the park found a new friend
I find this quite amusing really... odd even,
They are talking all the time in the rain
It is true; he never comes when it shines.

All alone with his friend he laughs in the rain.
One wonders what it is all about, then it stops.
I tried to get close but he did not see me...
Little one: the same colour as the others!

When it shines, the bench is all alone...
It dries the part its friend did not sit on,
However, it cries for him, as it gets cold
Where he used to warm up his hands.

One wonders why it is so... this man out...
Would it be to hide his shameful tears?
Would the sun dry them too fast... it could heal
I must try to get close and speak with him...

However, maybe he will not get my meaning.
We do not speak the same words... so different,
I know he will not listen anyway, why bother.
I am yet concerned, the bench is my friend too!

How can it be so that my friend is always sad?
I cannot help thinking it is my fault...
Why can't my friend have company today?
It shines and its friend is not here to share...

Human nature became so odd and mysterious.
Cannot understand it... It should be so glorious...
But what do I know after all, what do I know?
I, the little dove waiting to migrate once more.

Sweet Friend

She sat down to watch it rain
Did not see him catch her
She tried hard to understand
Why of all those hearts she'd met
She stood in front of this wall
Facing all her doubts and past...

Little woman lone with her emotions
She'd like to control her impulses
She acts then cries over her decisions...

Little girl who does not want to understand
Little girl who does not listen anymore
The messages that are meant to defend her...

Questions without answers,
Answers without questions,
She knows them all by heart...

Sweet friend do open your window,
It has finally stopped raining
Flowers are smiling to the sun
A hand is holding out to you
Do not spoil this precious moment...

Before you, stands the one you've been looking for.



To Hélène Carré

Your Mask

Glass shell
Your icy look
Show you a fault
The one of your mask

Mask you are attached to
You don't want to be parted
Yet already it crumbles
Already it is breaking

You don't want to know
The one you are
Yet by heart
Her soul you learnt

You don't want to recognize
Behind your mask
The one who today
Still stands a chance.



To Hélène Carré

School

Time brings us apart,
No sooner we'd met that
Already ran the hourglass...

Sea brings us apart,
No sooner I'd left that
Already went my ferryboat...

Time and places
I ignored them...

After ten years though,
One comes often back
To this school where
Everything began...

One comes often back
In thoughts and dreams
One says: if I had known,
I would have said thanks.

But time is nothing
When one knows how to use it...
But sea is nothing
When words knows how to travel...

Met again for an instant,
Met again for a moment,
Tell you that you succeeded
Tell you that you did your job...

You taught me more
Than supposed to...
I know you are all happy
My heart rejoices it.



To Nicole D., Jean-Pierre M, Henri P. and Monsieur P.

My Brothers

Some say things about life...

 Some call it names!

 Some complain too often

 I can even be one of them!

Yet, my heart beats so loud...

Yet, my heart laughs so clear...

 The smallest things are to be

 Cheered everyday...

I look at you and suddenly

My heart gets heavy with pain

 Joyful but ineffable

 Only silence give it justice

An immense joy floods me

 Euphoria invades me

 My brothers or my friends:

 These are just words...

Your smiles are worth much more.



To Yanou and my spiritual brothers.

In Your Eyes

They are beautiful like birds in a morning spring,
They are neither old nor young... they have no age.
Eternal life flows in them and make them shine,
They are not immortal though... yet I wonder...
If love can make them look so well and gorgeous,
How long their journey is going to be?

Beyond our borders for sure,
Beyond our universe... maybe.
Free spirits feeding on love
For each other and for others,
I cannot get enough of looking at them.

We all have our other half somewhere,
A soul mate some have found, some haven't.
For sure each generation can see itself
In the eyes of the previous or the next:
Like an invisible mirror we would carry until
We see our future smile on a radiant face.

Precisely at that moment you will know
That there are no coincidences in life...
You'll have no more doubts if some remained,
You'll know even better what you already knew:
You are on the true path of happiness.

However, never take love for granted,
Cherish and grow with it everyday.
Listen to your heart, live and love
For one day, younger people could see
What I saw: their future in your eyes.



To Trevor et Joan Jones

Freedom

Each day in our sofas,
We're getting the news
From all over the world.

Good or bad,
We get them...
We bear them...
We forget them...

This is our habit,
This is our right,
This is our freedom...

Each day in the battle,
They work their way 'tween bullets
They observe and listen,
Then give all back to us.

This is their habit,
This is their right,
This is their freedom...

Each day in the world,
One of them disappears
Shot by the same bullets,
Abducted by one or the other side...

Reporters, doctors, civilians...
Men and women of mankind...
Whoever they are, they rise
Against all forms of violence.

They observe, listen and condemn it
They communicate it and wait for us...

This is their habit,
This is their right,
This is their freedom...

Freedom

Each day in our sofas,
We're getting the news
From all over the world.

Let's change our habits...
Good or bad,
Get them never to forget!

Tonight I Cry

Tonight, I cry...
I cry on misfortune,
The one that I cannot change.
Tonight, I cry on the world.

Tonight, I am asking you:
Ladies and gentlemen up there,
What do you think of poverty?
Why do you not do something?

Tonight, I cry...
I cry on war,
I cry for families,
No matter their side.

From what blood do you live?
You, the warlords who sit
There, behind your ministries
Or hiding in your lairs...

How many deaths do you need?
To feel you became the masters
Of our fathers' and brothers' lives
Who lay at your feet tonight!

Yet, tonight, I stopped crying...
By wanting to control life of others
You have forgotten to live yours.
This thought eases my heart a bit...

The World

The world is what we make of it,
Beautiful today, ugly tomorrow...
Sometimes dreams are prettier.

The world is how we treat it,
Sweet and tender today,
Cruel and bitter tomorrow...

But the world as life offers us always
The graceful gift that one calls love...
Under the traits of a fairy or a prince,
Helping us to bear the ugliness all around.



I Think Of You

Women gagged and locked up...
Women disabled and tortured...

Women who are hiding,
By force or of free will,
Under your veil...
Friends, I think of you!

Happy women or unhappy...
Caring women and loving...
Women mommy or granny...
Future women: little girls,
I think of you!

This day is yours...
This day is ours...
Let us celebrate the past struggles
That brought us: Nowadays.
Let us celebrate the next struggles
That will bring: Tomorrow...



Women's day, March, 8th 2006

Thieves' Ball

Wiped away from noises and scent,
Proudly, to them, he kept his ground,
 Unaware of the cries around.
He is glad for the way it went.

The thieves' ball is such an event:
With its dollies of flowers crowned,
They bewitch you without a sound,
Sweetness follows the evil spent.

Honour dealers, you are shooting,
For a green note, you are killing,
Yet your spare time away has blown.

He is lying, red is his head...
Since yesterday you are alone.
Good people sleep the thief is dead.



If He Exists

Pray my God,
In my church or my mosque...
My synagogue or my temple...

Believe in my God,
He knows all better
Than my neighbour's...

Believe in His laws,
They are less ugly
Than the ones hiding
In unbearable texts...

Believe in His wars,
His cause is juster
His people richer...

If He exists... I hope He is deaf and blind...
If He exists... He might have become insane...
If He exists...

Why God

Who is this God
To whom so many turn
Their prayers and hopes...

Why God,
Why not Max or Aziz,
Why not a girl's name...

God created us at his image, they say...
Why don't you push your logic further...
God: man and woman at the same time...

Why would he not be,
In each of us...
All a bit God...

God, with his powers,
His responsibilities
His defaults too...

Would God not be
This Supreme Being we created
To give ourselves good conscious
And wash the blood on our hands...

Mute Spirit

He did not create humanity!
Our image is the way it is,
Not as the one of a mute spirit...

Nature worked a long time,
With physic as company,
Atoms and cells merged...

What on Earth did they invent
To make themselves noticed
By our pretty purses and wallets!

Yes but...

Yes but... if it was true?
Without speaking of ugly texts
Buildings or even priests...
If He was there at our reach...

If He was Them,
If He was You and Me...

If He was fire and wind, seas and mountains...
If He was flowers and trees, eagles and wolves...

If He was neither being nor spirit,
If He was but our talents,
If He was just Life...

Would He not be worth loving?



Snow White

Snow white becomes only grey mess
Winter's whirlwind blows it away
Yet, snowflakes fall down on the cress
Sleeping Earth don't keep astray

Beautiful bird joins back your nest
Dunned by men, seasons break the day
Snow white becomes only grey mess
Winter's whirlwind blows it away

The trees of their white coat undress
Naked branches leave the old gray
The honey sap dreams of sunray
Yet, heavy sky remains careless
Snow white becomes only grey mess
Winter's whirlwind blows it away.



Great Dane

From my window, I was watching him
I was learning his routine,
I was learning his language,
My eyes were following him
Until he disappeared...

For years this game lasted
But he has never known
Then he did not come anymore,
Or were my eyes cheating me
Tired of this masquerade...

Despite his being black,
From him, light was flashing
His silky suit was haunting me
In vain I have tried
To make our meeting happen...

During a walk in the forest,
As I wandered and scribbled
A few words on my paper
Suddenly, he stopped right before me
He stared at me, obviously happy
That our paths had crossed...

I looked inanely at him
His friend told me then something
That I did not understand
I was looking at him...
Then laughed stupidly!

I had waited so long
And there he stood...
At the reach of a held out hand
That he desperately longed for,
But that I kept along my body
Paralysed with emotion, I did not move...

Great Dane

His head was coming up to my chest
His eyes full of life
Were devouring me with joy
His falling ears were giving
Him such a cute look...

Impressed by his beauty
I missed the opportunity to touch him...
I missed the opportunity to become his friend,
For a few minutes...

As he is already mine, without even knowing it...

Canis

A chair falls down,
A dark look stares
You notice all...

You're jumping back
Your blue eye stares
Brown eye backs up...

Lavender shield
Stands before you,
Your head out waits...

Time to play now,
You provoke him
He ignores you...

Time to play now,
Mom please help me,
You annoy him...

Imminent fight,
Better lay low,
On your back squeal...

Mom unlike you
Stands proud her ground
What messiness...

But all in all,
My three canis:
Twin bro and mom
Can't live apart...



Mirka, Omaley and Otis

Birds Of Paradise

Birds of paradise,
Never seen you
But on glazed paper
Or on flat screen...

Birds of paradise,
Of you, know
Not the names
But I like...

Your songs of love
So graceful...
Your wings' colours
Shimmering...

All this to impress
A maiden whose beauty
Charmed you beyond reason
On your Indonesian island.

Birds

Alpine Accentor
In its ginger dress flies past
Through the mountain drafts

The Snow Bunting whose
Whiteness blinds the unworn eyes
On our coasts lands

Monotone singer
At the edge of the forest
Yellowhammer flies

The House-Martin chirps
Under the mountain windows
Where its nest awaits

Greylag Goose cackles
To swim in our marches
In winter migrates

Europe Blue Tit shines
Its golden chest is sparkling
In solar spectrum

The Brambling whistles
Under its ginger plumage
For the love season.



Provence

The market lights up with
The accent from South of France
Under the grey buildings
Of Lafayette street...

The odours of spices,
Olives and fruits
Are mixing with sea air.

The old town and its port
Cultivate exotic flavours
Under the azure sky of Provence.

Villages from the backcountry
Threatened by fires,
Offer us their little streets
Shay by climbing vines...

In the morning, the calm sea
Welcomes fishermen and skiers...
Sea turned red by sunrise
In the deep of eastern mountains.

Australia

Dear Australian spring
My north is reverencing
Under golden leaves

With their wide spread wings
On your gathering sea drafts
Seagulls are gliding

Your desert and winds
Are bewitching my senses
Long dreamt Australia

Dalecarlia, Dalarna

Beautiful Mora
Awakes with geese coming back
On its Siljan lake

Bear cubs are restless
In the forest of Orsa
Where berries bristle

Morning fishermen
On a lake in Dalarna
Break pieces of ice.

Ireland

Green island sails
On the Celtic waves that
Crash into its rocks

Bray, the proud guide of
Sailors watching out for
The cross on the hill

Howth, the quiet port
Which opposite winds still freeze
You during springtime

Dublin, your small streets
Smell the freshness of the sea
Blown there by the breeze

Mystical Ireland
Your green lands are telling us
Stories and legends...



Vertigo

Suddenly I felt very small
Vertigo took me when I looked
At the snowy slope which
Remained the favourite host
Of the old firs...

The brick-red house
On its icy plinth
Seems out of place...

I had not seen it before
Or had I not noticed it
Today, nonetheless,
My eyes are chocked...

Big and large house
As placed there
By a giant hand,
Built in to a pile of snow
Melting... "Madam, you're standing out!"

Everything is still frozen
I stand a few feet away
One step in the powder snow
Yet, I cannot reach it...

Firs like candles
On a big meringue
Ready to crumble under my feet.

Forest's call

Months I've waited
For the sun to shine
Behind its smoked glasses...

Months I've waited
To finally answer
To the forest's call...

Months...
Yet, long before that
Had I ignored it

Then why
Such eagerness
To call me...

Why taunt me
Behind its wall of snow
Its access is closed...

But I understand, you see
To your lesson I answer that
As soon as your paths open

My back you'll see
Only when from your home
I am coming back...



Spring Quill

Share my words with you
Make one and the other waltz
Then trifle with them

With blue ink I write
Moor in the deep of the sky
Float as a feather

In my dear inkpot
Quill dances and sings also
Long lost spring welcome!

Spring Invites Itself

Spring invites itself
In my beautiful Sweden
It warms my eyes up

On your pretty wave
Your sun shines of golden threads
Your flowers cheers me

Flowers of fields live
Bright colours or pearly ones
Leave here the winter

Now relieve yourselves
Of your heavy snowy coat
Under the warm sun

The cute little birds
Are laughing at the snowflakes
That falls in their nests

The cold mistral brings
The spring-like warmth scent
The sweetness of well being



Little Girl

Two stems little girl

Your greens vary with your moods...
Freakish neighbour, you're dying I've heard,
At each of your nascence...

Three stems little girl

Dressed with two greens and a yellow...
One is born to kill you I've heard,
I'd rather not believe it...

Two stems little girl

Your green blazes under the sun...
Just like sunflowers I've heard,
You offer your face to it....

Two stems little girl

A new life threatens you...
Fragile leaf at your feet is unrolling,
I don't want you to die...

Three leaves little girl

Faithful and amiable neighbour...
Just like a snake changes skin,
You give up the yellow...

Two leaves little girl

You live better with neighbours...
You have many years behind,
Let's share some more.

Little Flower

Little flower, not so little
You grew from my prayers
Green and so pretty bloomed
Your leaves to me are turning...

Little flower, you left your yellow
Fade with the sun this morning
You keep your youth...
And your old age...

Little flower, not so little
You are not your enemy,
Only your own friend
Making a joke to earth...

Little flower, you delight me
I knew you strong and blessed
You are in fact so much more:
You are a lesson of life...



The French House

A long time ago, I discovered
Deep in the forest, a house.
Nothing extraordinary to this
Except what was said about it.

In my little village, they said
That the French house was haunted!
I believed it to be true for years,
Until the day, I wanted to see.

Well wrapped in my sleeping bag
By the fire, I did not chicken out...
I waited for the ghosts and else...
I waited the entire night: none came.

So in the morning, I packed my bag
And left, laughing at my foolishness.
Days passed without me going back
To the forest spy on the French house.

Yet, I could not take off my mind
The strange sounds of that night:
The forest haunted my dreams and thoughts...
The mystery of the French house remained whole.

The Old House

So, I left again one morning,
To explore this part of the forest...
My memory could recall each tree,
My feet though refused to follow it.

Whether I liked it or not, I went
Where my feet wanted me to go.
I ended up in a small dark valley
Into which the wind ran mercilessly.

Yet, I smiled at the creepy place.
I thought that maybe this time
I'd be lucky that to see the ghosts
I had waited for at the French house.

A hillock dominated the small valley...
At its top stood proudly a house.
Curious, I went closer and inspected
This site that did not look so gloomy after all.

Indeed, it was just an old house.
Its stones were worn-out and watery,
Its garden spoiled and infested with weed.
Its life held in fact to the roots of the trees.

The French Attic

After I marvelled about the old age
Of the house in the valley, I went on
With my hike in distraught search of
The French house that my feet had lost.

It took me but a little time to find it
Since I had, I believe, seen what I had to.
I grabbed at last the chance: I opened the door.
Draughts surrounded me from every corner!

The French house, older than the old house...
What a tragedy it was as I entered!
Suddenly, I saw it... the shadow I expected:
The one of stairs leading to the French attic.

Up the stairs, I discovered the treasure of my dreams:
Leaning on each wall, weakened by time,
A huge bookcase stood there... full, indeed too
Full of books, which trickled from it.

What felicity really: I, right in the mystery...
One thing was missing though... essential to the old.
The smell of books: it had flown away in the wind
Through the roof... also missing from the French house.

Careful though good people...
Now that you've read it,
Do not go tell my village
About my story of the French house...

Unless of course,
You could tell it
With a French accent!

♣ ♣ ♣

THE END

From the same author

* * *

Une Nouvelle Saison

(French and original version for most of it)

A New Season

(English translation by the author)

